THE Prince's Triumph: OR THE Subjects Happineſs, IN A PROTESTANT KING.

To the Tune of, *Let Oliver Now be forgoten*.

LET Popery now be forgotten,
Their Relicks are quit out of door,
Their Images now lie a Rotting,
Which they formerly uſed to Adore;
At the Convention firſt ſiting,
They thought that the day was their own,
But now they have had a new meetting,
And things in order are getting,
To ſettle the Prince on the Throne.

While that the Houſe was Debating,
The Papiſts Cries we ſhall ſee,
And all their ſtories relating,
The Biſhops will never agree.
The King the Parliament greeted,
And ſent them a Letter on's owne,
But now their joys are Defeated,
The brave Prince of *Orange* is Seated,
To Rule on the *Engliſh* Throne.

The Commons all were United,
To Vote for an *Orange* as King,
The Biſhops were the Men that invited,
And the firſt that Refuſed the thing;
Becauſe they would have the Church freed,
From the Scandals of every one,
But now they all are agreed,
To ſend for the Princeſs with ſpeed,
And ſettle them Both on the Throne.

The King now Sollicites the Peers,
For the Birth of a true Prince of *Wales*,
Now he thinks that the Nation's in fears,
But all his policy fails;
For the Parliament all have Conſented,
To Give it the Prince as his own,
And now who e're did Invent it,
The King will too late Repent it;
The running a way from his Throne.

Now he hath no more to pretend to,
Then *Ireland*'s Villanious Crew,
The Parliament quickly will ſend too,
An Army the Rogues to Subdue;
Which if they once go about it,
The Buſineſs will quickly be done,
For the Rebels all will be Routed,
Tyrconnel himſelf will be outed,
When the Brave Prince comes to his Throne.

At the Prince of *Orange*'s Coming,
He Called a free Parliament,
Which the King long before had been Doing
But *Peters* would never Conſent;
Jefferys, and he were Caballing,
To Rule by a Power of their own,
But at the Parliament Calling,
Diſpenſing Power is falling,
They Voted the King from his Throne.

FINIS.